

The Amorous LADY's GARLAND.

OR, THE

Handsome Butcher of St. James's Market.



YOUNG men and pretty maidens,
Be pleas'd to lend an ear,
'Tis of a charming lady,
That lov'd a young man dear.
She was a merchant's daughter,
Of beauty fair and clear,
And he a handsome butcher,
This lady lov'd him dear.
As thro' St. James's market
This lady she did go,
She saw this charming butcher
Attir'd like a beau.
Young Cupid let his arrow fly,
Whilst gazing thus she stood;
The butcher being brisk and gay,
And in a pleasant mood,
He took her by the charming hand,
Saying, Madam, what d'ye buy,
The best of ware I here have got.
The lady did then reply,
The meat you have is fresh and good,
And charming to behold;
But something else I'd have, if I
Could purchase it with gold.

What is it beauteous lady?
I pray now let me hear:
Altho' my ware it is so good,
It is not very dear.
The lady smil'd to hear him
Thus merrily to talk,
And then unto St. James's
This couple soon did walk.
And that to break her troubled mind,
The lady did begin:
Kind sir, I hope you'll pardon me,
For love's tormenting sting
Has pierc'd my heart in twain;
'Tis you that I adore.
I am a merchant's daughter bright,
And have gold and silver store.
And canst thou love a butcher,
Thou charming beauty bright?
O Gods! that brought this creature,
This day unto my sight.
Unite us both in happiness,
Let me enjoy the fair;
Sweet lady, come into my arms,
And never more despair.

With that I did presume to kiss
Her ruby lips so sweet,
And then we promis'd each other
Next morning for to meet.
According to our promise,
It was likewise perform'd.
And with happy nuptial rites
This lady was adorn'd.
She had a trusty servant,
Who all the matter knew,
Who solemnly protested
To us she would be true,
And in the dead of the night
She brought me to my dear,
To revel in the bay of love,
With my own charming fair.
We kept the matter secret
Till twenty weeks were past;
My charming creature did begin
To thicken in the waist.
Her mother she did spy the same,
And told her husband dear;
Saying, Alas, she is withchild,
She's ruined I fear.
So sending for their daughter,
Thus unto her did say;
Tell us with whom thou'st been fooling,
O daughter dear, we pray.
For we perceive thou art with-child,
Let me the father know,
We'll make him curse the very time
He serv'd our daughter so.
My maid and I to market went,
To them she did reply:
You bid me buy what ware was good,
You cannot it deny.
There was a handsome butcher,
I lik'd his ware so well,
Of it I made a hearty meal,
That made my belly swell.
You are a handsome lady,
Her father then did say:
And as for Mrs. Betty,
Come quit the service, pray:
But first go fetch the butcher,
'Ere I'll thy wages pay,
I'll make the rogue to marry her.
So Betty went her way,
And going to the butcher,
She unto him did say,
Come throw away both knife and steel,
This minute come away,
And answer for the deed you have done,
My master he does swear,

He'll make you for to marry
My charming lady fair.
He soon came to her father,
The old man thus begun:
I pray what sort of meat was that
You sold my daughter, when
You made her belly for to swell
At such a dismal rate;
Indeed young man it was not well,
And you shall suffer for't.
Here, take the harlot quite away,
And marry her with speed;
One farthing of her portion
She shall not have indeed.
Why then I will not have her,
The butcher did reply;
With that the daughter hung her head,
And strait began to cry.
So then her mother she did say,
Dear husband now forbear;
We will give her a portion,
If that she married were.
No, I will have the money down,
'Ere I to church do go.
The old man sigh'd, and shook his head,
Well, since it must be so,
Seven thousand pounds I'll give her,
But thus it must be done,
The minister shall come here,
Fear you from her should run,
He having got the money,
He fell upon his knees,
Likewise the youthful lady,
Saying, Father, if you please
To grant to us your blessing,
We are already wed.
Her aged parents wept for joy,
Their grief soon vanish'd.
He bless'd his son and daughter,
And said, Rise children dear,
And strait he settled on them both
Five hundred pounds a year.
Solovers all, you plain do see,
What Cupid he can do;
There's nothing like those lovers
That constant are and true.
Blame not my charming creature,
Because she courted me;
This being leap-year the maidens fair
To court indeed are free.

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